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THE FLOATING BEAR  
A newsletter

quarterly

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INSCRIPTION FOR THE VANISHING REPUBLIC

THEY'RE LIARS!

I've put away my deep veined love  
It's pain, pain, pain  
there's no other way  
they've made the drug too expensive!  
Police of Initiates  
I suspect Molioch and Mammon make you act that way!  
and stupidity, more stupidity!

I'll go on without drug of NO PAIN

and the pains, dues I've paid, are not thy fault, O

Plain of Ekstocie, - no - but theirs who keep me  
from yr gasconades of gorgeous veins

where I work you to muses, gods, to Divine Itself - images -  
and I repeat, HAIL THEE BLACK OPIUM AND THY WHITES!

Orphic Poem

the whole crazy scene! Who can make it?  
they call to me, holy fires  
holy fires to send ye forth out-of-Loon  
holy fires behind stars  
numena cabalas of Piery Disk  
a cipher in the infinite  
holy fires written in letters of air  
tongues of holy fire air  
the sylphan disk of night  
all the goddesses stoned  
fires of holy night guiding us  
we cut ourselves on the Gospels  
holy fires sea islands of erematical sea  
the lute on the wave  
marginal islands on fire  
the waves of sea water gods  
time in its joyous splendors  
Jesus! Joyous Jubilant Jailhouse Jesus!  
beautiful Jesus True Golden Number  
as the Father in heaven does He do  
Who makes all things NEW  
fire of the holy fires!

THE CALL

I, weir, sit snaring  
while the city flies  
overhead  
city that drips  
scopolamine

For it was arranged, circa 1952  
to funnel deadly nightshade thru the faucets

It is now decreed no one stops the mage-eyed self  
upon the hill of song, sibylant grove, superior sun cairn  
At the pool, druids stood over the graves of angelic warriors

Today we have called you up  
SACERDOTE DEL JAGUAR  
on the mountains of Yahnah peyote and the seeds of the Virgin

Prince of Bogota! king of the whitefaced! blue gowned!  
riding the fields of cocaine  
triangulating return of the Tipi flu

O, beautiful nature! O cities of the sun!  
angels entwined in yr cloths  
over midnight fires

Bird Shaped Emperor  
America waiting THE TEN THOUSAND FLUTES OF SONG!

-Lamantia

POLITICS POEM

The mismanagement of government is a stare on an owl's face  
automobiles have closed their bones against the decree  
The State IS Machiavelli!  
as we wove thru street's half light, a junky  
leaned his arm on the stars of my sleeve  
The Election electrified the Last Bank President  
Limpid the streets!limpid the hot economic bubble!  
limpid the bovine government!limpid coming out of Hades!  
The Sovereign Gold King was stript in a ring of bones  
The master suicidist complained with a mouthful of nails  
Marvels of the tongues of poets:  
marvels that stop the rise and fall of markets  
that do away with markets altogether!  
off the trade winds, gigantic odes fell for sale

Master of the pine needle toothless hovels of heroin  
How you cover the world,dust,with yr mouthpieces  
I have been sucked dry by political weather  
Empty heads roll, mock elections decided by tyrannies of liberty  
I am an auerhshn going before John Adams

You have despoiled the Empire - greed,quick profits,the gods of War  
----Woton the bug eyed flea merchant lice of the temple steps----  
DUNG, you exhale yr matted hair and rumpled old cars decaying in front of owls

---The sting of yr Purse! the sting of yr purses!  
It's the rule of Women! Women the Strong! Women the Powerful!  
Verbotten their words twine like snakes, phony empires rise!  
Junk. poetry. junk. poems. time. the Stone and the poison I love!

LAVA

Sometimes when at Popocatepeti  
who brought down his wisdom in igneous downpour  
upon which ten thousand years have made you god, Volcano  
man peons conquistadores hotshot mestizos  
I think fall out secretly in awe and fear  
to think of you raging again with forests of lava,  
timber of hot nature--this dream  
to crush human stupidity!

Come! Volcano! DREAM!  
come volcano ACT!  
come Volcano! fill the world with yr wisdom, Volcano!

From cool currents beauty erupts  
O convulsions of the earth, come!  
Sweep down on these brief pilgrims/ SHOW THEM POWER!

### COOL APOCALYPSE

Cool is seed of the wind cool is wind with breasts of sky cool is cool  
Forever your eyes looking for me When I was cool as the scene could be  
Cool is the Empire State may it get as cool as the old Chrysler  
Cool is for the invisible police as they materialize into the gorgons of Ghent

Cool is for the atom bomb when it doesn't go off  
Cool is for my bombs going off cool, cool, cool  
on every floor on yr lips of rain and shine, cool Stan Gould, cool!

Cool I'm made and cool I'll flow thru billows  
hanging over cool streams of Incan snow where it drips with delight  
high as a mountain cool as cocaine  
cool as the greatest high  
cool as the point the Arabs surround you with talk, cool talk  
like thousands of leaves of grass  
cool like Miles  
cool like con men returning you to your money  
Cool like Pres dieing for Ike  
cool like the first Inca prince of these states

Cool is the magician at work that he maketh The Stone  
cool is the poet who hangs up all time to see  
cool is he who digs The Holy See  
and again cool Light Life greatest cool I know \_\_\_\_\_ Jesus!  
Greek words come in  
russian icons instead of the movies  
cool new instruments to bring you on, cool dadio  
Circulator of the light, coolest dove! cool this poem  
as it cometh to that coolness where I confesseth forth THE UNSPEAKABLE!

VISIONS

The Marvelous unveils its face in front of me The crack of my bones beats  
the angel boxer from nowhere in the chippglassface  
Ardent gauzy we merge into the landscape  
I remember the time I was thrown down my soul severed from my body hanging  
as if by a string one to the other - and I was taken up above myself  
left sweating and weeping, old earth body nothing but shit and there  
in the High Paradise lost or not I don't know . I was not by a  
Messenger - bearded - who said YOU'RE HERE TO SEE TRUTH and I was in bliss  
further out than any earthly one, great bliss, that I wanted to stay  
in that place of radiant bliss lights and colors I was looking down  
on my earth body and I repudiated it and all its joys for here I was in  
the essential joy of the spirit and my soul hanging there by a thread  
to this body DOWN THERE that I said I WANT TO GET OUT OF THIS  
RETURN TO BODY AND BODY LIFE EATEN DEAD NOTHING - for here's all  
truth beauty wisdom loveliness heavenly bliss paradise I was born  
from and was TOLD I could return to after I had WORKED and so I was  
SHOT back to my body and earth and beautiful spirit vision is now told, Samadhi!

Did I appear in angeltime or did the Angel appear in time, all time?  
This question answered I walked straight into street of veins an intricate  
casbah a bewildered palace of destroyed works

I am a seer for whom the Revelation is intact  
The Revelation of sin soph' God of the dreamers of the Ancient Mind  
Beatific in Christ Elevated in Christ Maddened in Christ Illuminated in Christ!  
Joyous in Christ - the first fruits born of negation, strife  
O ye thrones tremble! O ye blinded of eyes - woe! for the feasts of famine  
- golden rice thrown on swarms of hell blank as glass window on Trucks  
of Paradise -

Here's the number of the Lamb's light  
here's superessential dove look of light life  
discerned above the genius of the race  
beatitudes in a sweep of arm, gesture, magnificence  
in miracles  
invisible visible white light manifestations of His Elucidations  
worked in darklings and lights off these voices who attend me that I  
SPEAK the communion of saints IS ONE - in time, out time, blank time, still time,  
time of all times-- Hail, thee, poem of the Holy Liturgy!  
emblazon of silence waving!  
The Church in its lowering sea, the flag of Patmos seen!

That I burned by the screech owl castle in Berkeley Hills day the bat  
tore ceilings I went thru mirrors several times

.movement of blood over green vegetable planes of Imagination.

It was peyote|peyote|  
Jaime's pad, anthropological apocalypses  
fanout stone readings on glyphs  
theAirswellling|

It was peyote|peyote| the rush of cascades of colors  
transmigration of races tribes

American Indian presences  
.one time 9 of us saw in a room A ROSE CLOUD

.The Achel Advances among us, Chiefs!  
Olde Indian Wisdoms, I celebrate you Wachao Group under the Tipi  
from nightfall to sunup  
we looked on glowing coals  
sitting on our haunches, earth close

#### Going Out

and In

Breathing the Great Spirit  
my sterious communicating God of earliest time  
Love and prayers of Love peyote button  
at dead center on an elevated clay holden  
poem,vision,old men with feathers,long chant of the woman  
out of the tipi after dawn---

\*\*\*

—Philip Lomontia

A POEM FOR TONY SHERROD

Tony, your head is not the head

I imagined from some Greek coin.

It is more the head of

those stallions

athrawt the Elgin marbles,

raised to high relief.

You know how today we store up,

shoring up, fragments of better days,

against these our so

fragmentary lives.

We sat together hearing jazz. The black heads of our

black musicians. There, now

is another

classic relief. Their problem

is also my problem: how to raise

to formal accomplishment

these bitter fragments of our daily deeds.

To connect the ragged diddies

and half-said phrase

to some universal meaning.

Your face in profile. Tony, your body

I have not seen as

I have not seen

the body of this Poem (If God willing it

a Poem to be)

the which we both longingly

anticipate.

The whores with whom

you communicate, perhaps they can  
complete what I have!

tried here,  
and perhaps failed,

try to extricate.

The body of the Poem

will not come, easily by  
come, to disrobe itself  
--shrouded as is all poetry

shrouded in mystery.

At most, we can hope to,

as do some primitive  
African tribes, dance about the thing.

The syncopation of the rhythmic beat  
and with the stresses

language anticipates  
a successful end  
aiming to a successful hunt.

Always, when I think

of primitive people I think:  
always the hunt. The halberd,  
which, if you want to think of it

as such with me,

we have whittled down  
to accomplish the same  
identical end.

if you like, we can't wait to open tall

on me,

try to extricate my darling self

explosive

So Poets, we are no better, for our efforts,  
than those naked men  
we view  
with naked horror  
upon the walls of the ancient caves  
at Altamira.

The hunt

and its eternal pursuit  
is all we have today.

The verb

upon its sturdy legs  
flys as does the arrow  
nailing the noun of prey.

Tony, and let me say,

I too was once  
"the swift to hury"

--missing the mark,

the fawn escaped. All my arrows have  
gone awry.

The hunter artist returns

among his fellows  
a lean dish  
In a dry season.

-----Steve Jonas

THE EMPTY BLUES

hitchhiking  
46 hours no sleep no food either  
except for chocolate pie & coffee in San Luis Obispo  
I'm up in the empty hills now north of Paso Robles  
(always a badluck town for me)  
eating dexedrine smoking cigarettes  
up in the hills & empty cold  
cold cold & the night  
slams in my face cold  
now the big tandems come barrelling by  
ZOOM BAM gone in the night  
hours & hours & I curse them for not stopping  
finally get the Blues the true  
Empty Blues

What it is  
46 hours no sleep no food just leapers  
so I feel cold & dry & empty  
not bad quite  
but I know  
nothing will be right I  
KNOW all I have to do is hope something  
& it won't ever happen--these  
are the Empty Blues  
oh, the trucks don't stop  
on El Camino Real  
no  
so I'll never get there  
no no  
& when I do  
no  
(big diesel rig  
ZOOM BAM)  
knew it  
they never stop on 101  
be here all night I know  
Got the Empty Blues  
what is it  
a kind of knowing  
--now it's pitch black  
I know all about it  
don't even care  
just know

I know I'll never get to San Fran  
& when I get there  
it'll be just like here, I'll stand  
till two in a bar  
watching the barkeep drink Bromo  
he'll drink Bromo all nite  
with a stiff arm  
& the Bulova on his wrist  
won't it shine? Oh yes  
I know  
I'll stand in the bar & watch those  
girls blouse-ing down the street  
they never stop  
no  
& when they do  
oh no  
I also knew I'll sound the barmaid  
& she won't  
& when she will  
she'll live in some Filipino hotel  
doormat shackled to the wall  
bathroom way down the hall  
don't tell me  
I know it all  
these are the Empty Blues

— John Thomas

JUNK/ANGEL

I have seen the junkie angel winging his devious path over cities  
his greenblack pinions parting the air with the sound of fog  
I have seen him plummet to earth, folding  
his feathered bat wings against his narrow flesh  
pausing to share the orisons of some ecstatic ecolyte  
the bone shines through his face  
and he exudes the rainbow odor of corruption  
his eyes are spirals of green radioactive mist  
luminous even in sunlight even at noon  
his footstep is precise, his glance is tender  
he has no mouth nor any other feature  
but whirling eyes above the glaring faceless face  
he never speaks and always understands he answers no one  
radiant with a black green radiance  
he extends his hollow fingered hands  
blessing blessing blessing  
his ichorous hollow fingers caressing the shadow of the man  
with love and avarice  
and Then unfurls his wings and rides the sky like an enormous Christian bat  
and voiceless  
flies behind the sun

Lenore Kendall

Indians

I feel a place  
of names. A place  
in my woman's head, sings. Made tender  
at my eye, for me. She spreads herself  
and I  
my mind.

What is lost  
if there is wind, or  
the sun leaves. Blue, is it  
blue that moves the leaves  
flat against the moon?

Such song,

herself, she sings,  
such song, she seems,  
locked in. Because  
of us, a man, her  
love, him too,  
twists  
in our song's  
defect. Night  
at the window.

Is this

a place -  
for us  
to be? Women  
love themselves  
more than me.

A Traffic of Love

Come back  
to it. But now  
let it lay. To see  
ourselves, so  
quickly  
as ourselves  
is crime. Some  
madness  
you concealed  
before. As  
the wind  
rolls in, or something  
moves its wet mouth  
against the blind. Let it  
lay.

The room was  
quiet, like  
a picture  
of a room. Wide  
slashed colors, heavy  
strokes, inside  
the door. Let it  
lay, please  
there are real things  
in the dark, in that  
dark beneath  
your hands. Silence  
in the room  
and the walls  
breathe.

We will  
come back  
to it. In  
the dark  
I pushed her  
to the floor. My  
knees hurt, the  
darkness snatched  
my head. But she  
believed me. The  
door hung open  
on white hinges. Ashes  
grown out of air.

The room

is splinters  
of itself. And I  
am older  
then  
I was. Trust  
me.

Old Men's Feet  
( For Dr. Koch)

The light font  
ostic  
bride of years  
collapsed  
& treasures  
melt.

Cry, british jam  
& honey dew. Cry water  
dress my love.

Sun is saint  
& virgin brick, lover  
prone upon  
my prick.

Cry, silly fog  
go buy a house,  
& let yr cat  
run dry.

Below  
the bridge  
the sun went stale. The house  
& virgin  
too.

I came back home  
across some peaks  
white snow did blow  
a thousand  
weeks.

Cry, bellow  
butcher, ham  
& gum. The lord  
& christians  
fade.

Nick Charles Meets The Wolf-Man

(1950, 1951)

Alive  
to all those  
menaces  
of your life. Even  
outside (breakfront, blue skids  
of clouds, twisted  
on the steeples' point)

silence  
quaking  
like a flame,

even reflected red  
in the windows, (paul's tiny eyelids  
maybe shut tight, at 3:00 am, one cool uptown faggot  
on the radio,

But I holdout  
for more than anyone here  
can give me ( You mean ?

Headed out west (another  
spirit, the alternate  
to cold Sundays  
when the wind  
can't shake the trestle,

Get out, &  
stay  
out (all love drunk

the glass empty  
on the dirty table, cigarette  
burning the wood, smell  
of big black feet.

Get Out! ( A stubborn thug

with a cape/ Not  
the muse? Why yes,  
the same.

WEST OF DOLCE

"So had Sordello been, by consequence, without a function."

Dead beast's world, half-lit  
immediate reactions, hand to  
brain to flat pumping veined  
heart. A new form, it takes  
to itself. Grey green and  
white for morning/ the woman's  
voice and ghostly sleeping flesh.

IT BEGINS-

Black for nights. Grey cage  
of air to blot it out. Still  
it twists there in your hand. Black  
for nights, always, without anything's  
motion, sheared into hardness and  
glitter. See it, or No, you can't  
ever. It is new form, and ugly.

IT IS DENIED-

If it is caution, somewhere small  
in the blood, that drives through  
to your fingers, there at the keyboard,  
that you will name names, or walk into  
the room at the wrong time, the lover  
having come, is bending over her body.  
Is sucking her cunt, cursing the flies.

She dreams under that flesh that you  
and the morning are dead. It happens,  
she said, it happens. See it, now?

When it is so large it is taken as some  
increment of time. An hour, a season near  
the ocean. Wind blowing through the small  
straw roof so that the pages of her book  
will not stay pressed. Echoes in glass. Some  
freshness to whatever element of disgust this  
small baffling image of yself controls.

IT IS

AFFIRMED-

All of us, into shadows, don't ever look. These  
are all shadows. My eye, my breathing  
control them.

"Strong woman, with triangular eye  
Time eminent, and collected. Its driveway,  
A sudden thrashing of the seasons.  
Spaces, collections, distances, (or simpler),  
Somebody's face spread out across the world,  
(and blurring in that act).  
A child balanced sideways on a music stand  
on a mountain. The child's face  
is not sideways.  
The Christian Hill (architecture & cautions),  
Two white eyes, outlined in black."

Old dead fo form. Ourselves. Leaves  
dead fo form. Ourselves. Leaves  
barely green  
under night.

Dead form, dry flesh  
under cloth, shed skin  
under leaves, mute litter  
under tongues.

The day  
has gotten lighter

I have forced myself awake.

—LeRoi Jones

The Island, by Robert Creeley — Charles Scribner's Sons, New York,  
190 pages, \$3.50 hardcover; \$1.45 soft.

It's very beautiful the way Robert Creeley evokes darkness and pain and the poignant stumbling of the man, John, in his first novel, "The Island," — the whirligigs in his head, and the vividness of terrain and sea, the island people in their landscape, walking in it and a part of it, rough figures against the sky.

And lovely the way he never gives anything more than it needs, the bare frame upon which the story hangs, and the prose like polished bone — Or not quite like that, but not lush . juice — rather, tempered and wrought, beat out on the hardness of flat surfaces — this dryness done in the intense heat and cold of imagination and intelligence.

I liked Artie, and the Australian woman, very much. And the sad Englishman, Robert Willis: even the sea not wanting him, or anyone — His vivid batting in the sea.

How the place is there, now here, in my eyes — The book to be read slowly, word by word, in its dense richness — the land and the sea, the towns; and John's dark torment threading, cleaving like membrane — out of the blood and darkness — the tight tumorous fist of love's sickness and despair — to find there, again, where it had always been: a splinter of glass in the eye, the way and cure hidden in darkness with only the pain and unseeing, the bending distortions.

It's the pain that makes "The Island" true, and the joy; the seeing and not seeing it gives, over and over.

—Michael Rumaker

W/FIVE INTERVIEW WITH NIGHT EDITOR OF NEWARK EVENING NEWS (Aired July 12, 1967)

-----: If you read the UPI, have you been reading the UPI or listening to the radio;

-----: The AP.

-----: The AP, right. Well, they're a little more restrained. The UPI has, you know, gone ape on this.

-----: UH, HUH.

-----: Hold on just a minute.

-----: Yes sir.

-----: Well, the way I see it at the moment is you see, everything is generally unverified at the moment. We had isolated incidents of window smashing some stores looted, we have yet to determine how many stores. Uhuh, we have yet to determine how many windows were smashed. Uhuhhh, we understand that four policemen were injured, uhuhhh, treated for minor injuries and released from the hospital. Uhuhhh, down in the fourth precinct headquarters, there, they were stoning the, uh, building there, there was a crowd of several hundred there at one point earlier in the evening. Uhuhhh, a lot of commotion, a lot of rock throwing, that kind of thing. That's been dispersed, uh,

-----: It has ceased then?

-----: Yeah, I would say at this time, it appears that that's it for the night. Now of course, who knows, anything could happen ten minutes from now, but I get the general impression that it's all over with tonight, I don't consider this a riot, by any stretch of the imagination.

-----: I see.

-----: There was a group. A riot to me is an uncontrolled mob running through the streets, looting, that kind of thing, smashing and you know what, right.

-----: right.

-----: This was, I didn't consider it of riot proportions. Now what the proper word is, you have to dig that one up yourself. It's certainly more than a disturbance, you know. The UPI calls it an outbreak of racial violence. Hold on just a moment, I keep getting these calls. Hello, yeah, yeah, that's very interesting, they're outside? Yeah, okay, thank you. Right, bye. Hold on just a moment.

-----: Yes sir.

-----: There's a bunch of cab drivers with people down at the police headquarters now. UHH, they picked up people from the fourth precinct and drove down there, you know. But they're milling around, you know, it's not, it's not a riot ranting, raging, screaming violent kind of, you know. There were incidents of and generally teenagers were, they took advantage of this, you know. They started smashing and started looting, you know.

-----: So you would say, basically this is just spontaneous and not a cause of racial unrest, or anything like that.

-----: Well, I don't know.

-----: You wouldn't be able to say at this time?

-----: No. The mayor, of course, has been kept informed all night. The Police Director is on top of it. UHHH, the mayor doesn't consider it, you know, dangerous, that he's going to have to call for help, or anything. It appears that things are under control, and you know, generally all is well. Something like this, it can always become something, you know, more violent. Now, you know, much of what I'm saying is personal opinion. They don't reflect the views of anybody.

-----: Okay.

-----: You know, it's obvious that, there were reasons that these things happened, but I'm not going to sit in judgment you know, at three in the morning.

-----: Okay, what is your name, sir, please?

-----: My name is Blood.

-----: And your association with the Newark Evening News is?

-----: I'm the night editor.

-----: Well, we certainly thank you for your help, sir.

-----: Well, I hope I'm some, anyway.

-----: Thank you, so much. Bye, bye.

-----: Bye,

END OF TAPE